

1892

## EXTRACT FROM A SERMON

Preached in St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, on  
the occasion of the sudden death of Colonel  
E. W. Thomson.

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"But man dieth and wasteth away. Yea, man giveth  
up the ghost, and where is he?"—*Job* xiv. 10.

Death is ever busy in the prosecution of his melancholy mission among the sons of men. With unrelenting perseverance, and sometimes with startling rapidity, does he repeat, in successive demonstrations of the frailty of man, the one sad story of mortality—opening afresh the fountain of human sorrows—illustrating anew the transitoriness of human life—and carrying one after another of our neighbours, our acquaintances, and our friends away for ever from the living intercourse we had with them.

Within the circle of this congregation death has once more come, an unwelcome intruder. A man of mark among us, an Elder of the Church, has been stricken down. In the twinkling of an eye—without the usual warning